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Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

MARY WINTERFIELD.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER I.

Our scene opens in a neat apartment of a cottage in the suburbs of B—. The furniture of the apartment is all obviously of a plain and useful kind, nothing superfluous. There is a table in the centre of the room, and by the light of a lamp placed upon the mantel-piece we discover two individuals in earnest conversation; one of the speakers, from being clad in a wrapper and his feet cased in slippers, we should judge to be the master of the house and an invalid; he is an old man with an attenuated frame, and pale features, apparently just recovering from a severe attack of sickness, but seems to have been compelled, in spite of his weakness, to enter into a discussion by no means calculated to facilitate convalescence.

His companion is a gaunt and avers-looking man, whose years might perhaps have numbered thirty, though wild and riotous excesses in his younger days, had prematurely mingled grey hairs amid his black locks, and given him the appearance, to a casual observer, of being considerably older. His garments were black. His features were an expression of low cunning, which was fully borne out by the low heavy brow, the sinister expression of his dark eye, and the sarcastic leer that ever and anon flitted about the corners of his mouth. He is a lawyer, and his name is Adderley.

By the window, bending over a small mahogany work table, sat a fair and youthful girl. One who merely glanced towards her, would have supposed her busily playing her needle, unconscious of the conversation carried on between her father and his saturnal visitor; but a more intent gaze, would have immediately convinced him of his error,—the sudden flushing of her pale cheek, the heavy inhalations of her breath, and the tearfulness of her mild blue eyes, as they timidly wandered towards the speakers, all told, how eagerly she caught at every word, and how deeply interested she felt in the result of their colloquy.

Standing by the door, and twisting a chair upon one leg, and seemingly most intent in his occupation, was a plain, rough-looking young man taking no part in the discussion, except answering with a brief negative, or affirmative, when appealed to by the lawyer.

"The sum," said the old man, continuing the conversation begun previous to their introduction to the reader—"The sum is twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Twenty-five hundred and thirty-six dollars, and seventy-eight cents, with the interest added," responded the lawyer. "Of course, we have added the interest."

An expression of pain passed over the features of the old man, as he patted his fingers impatiently upon the table and said bitterly—

"Oh! of course, with the interest; it would have been improper to have omitted that; especially when it regards a debt due by an old man worn out by disease, and broken-hearted from his contract with a scoundrel who ruined him while he concealed the poison he was distilling beneath honeyed expressions of insinuating friendship. Of course you should add the interest; what signifies a few pounds weight, more or less, when the burthen is already too heavy to be borne?"

"With the misconduct of your friend I have no concern," said the lawyer, coldly. "I know it, I know it," abruptly replied the old man. "If Adam Winterfield looked for sympathy, he would have sought it from any other than John Adderley."

"You wrong me, Mr. Winterfield, you wrong me, I wish to serve you."

"Prove your sincerity by withdrawing this claim, until I am blessed with health and strength to enable me to meet it."

"I am in great need of money?"

"You? Is then the debt yours? I thought Barton had placed it in your hands for collection."

"You acknowledge then the claim of Barton to be due by you?" enquired Adderley, evasively.

"Surely, surely," said Winterfield, half unconsciously.

"You heard the acknowledgment, Mr. Jackson," said Adderley, turning suddenly round and addressing the young man at the door, who nodded, and then muttered to himself in a low voice, "The old fool! he has been trapped into a confession; now if he had only held his tongue, or denied it altogether, Adderley could not have laid the weight of his little finger on him."

"Did you say the claim was yours?" enquired Winterfield, in a tone somewhat more tremulous than that in which he had previously spoken.

"I did," said the lawyer bluntly.

"Yours, John Adderley?"

"Mine, Mr. Winterfield."

"Then," said Winterfield, with apparent confi-

dence, yet looking doubtfully in the lawyer's face as he spoke, "Then I—I am sure you will not enforce its payments; at least, not at the present time;—wait but a little while, and doubtless I shall be able to make up the amount."

"Money is very scarce, sir," replied Adderley, and I regret that.

"Say no more—say no more," John Adderley quickly interrupted the old man—"Fool that I was to think the leopard could change his spots, and yet, the memory of old times might have induced you to be more lenient with the man who once befriended you. A circumstance once came under my notice, which if divulged to the world, would not be very creditable to your fair fame, and yet I kept your secret."

The lawyer's brow grew black as night.

"Well, well," continued Winterfield, "we will pass over old grievances; such things are best forgotten,—but I also loaned you money did I not?"

Adderley bits his lips, but remained silent.

"I never asked you for it; you still remain my debtor for the sum then advanced."

"You cannot claim them now," cried Adderley, suddenly springing from his seat; "the time allowed by law for the recovery has expired."

"Sit down, Mr. Adderley," said the old man, calmly; "I have not asked you for it; all I requested of you is to take into consideration my forbearance, and grant me a little longer time; be assured you shall be paid, even if I strip this house of every thing and make my child a beggar, to enable me to do it."

"Can you borrow the money?" said Adderley in a low tone, as if half ashamed of his own question.

"To whom shall I apply?" said Winterfield mournfully; "who will lend a broken merchant twenty-five hundred dollars, even though his ruin was not the effect of his own extravagance, but arising from his rash confidence in the probability of another?"

"Perhaps old Mr. Tresham would; he was once your friend?"

The maiden started at the name, and her attitude was one expressive of intense attention.

"Tresham! no—no—you say true, he was my friend my best, my dearest friend; but some slight misunderstanding, in which I have since discovered I was in error, parted us years ago, and during all this time we have not spoken."

"Not seeking an explanation in prosperity, I cannot consent to crave his friendship in adversity."

"You are too proud, Mr. Winterfield," said the lawyer, dogmatically.

"I am human, sir," replied the old man, meekly, "and do not pretend to be exempt from the frailties of my fellows."

"But there is one member of this family with whom you still hold familiar intercourse—he visits at this house,—here the lawyer looked towards the maiden as he added,—and rumour says he comes not unwelcome. I allude to his graceless son."

Quick as thought Mary sprang to her feet, with a flushed brow, and lips quivering with emotion.

"Now shrink upon you, John Adderley," she exclaimed—"Shame upon you, for you have spoken falsely! Sidney Tresham graceless! he is as much your superior in moral honesty, as he is above you in all those high and ennobling qualities that constitute the gentleman and the man."

"That's good, by Jove!" exclaimed the young man at the door, in evident admiration of the withering effect with which the sudden and unexpected retort fell upon the lawyer.

"Mary!" said Winterfield, looking at his daughter reproachfully.

"I could not help it, sir," she replied, as she threw herself into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

"She was right, squire," said the young man, advancing to the middle of the room, and striking his hand emphatically upon the table—"I'll maintain it, the young lady was quite right in what she said. I know Mr. Tresham well and I agree with the young lady that at the table there a crying, when she says that he's a gentleman, every man on him,—and throwing fierce looks towards the lawyer, as he spoke, "if any man ascertains to the contrary, I'm willing to take it up at any time when Mr. Tresham himself is not present."

"How!" exclaimed Adderley, suddenly taken aback at finding an opponent where he least expected one.

"How! you forget yourself, sir!"

"No! it's you that have forgotten yourself, Mr. Adderley, by throwing aside the humanity that should grace every profession, and yours especially, because you have more need of its exercise. It's no part of my religion to oppress the weak; it's a part of yours, I give you joy of it."

"This from you?" said Adderley, in astonishment—"remember, I am your brother, sir."

"Look your John Adderley!" replied the young man, fixing his eye sternly upon the lawyer—"I will hold any man to be my better when his actions prove it but from what the squire has just now said I'm inclined to think you are not so much a saint as men take you for. Better indeed! In what are you better than me? Your clothes are made to be sure, but that honor belongs to your tailor. As a conscientious man, I'm your superior, as your present conduct proves. I can run, jump, wrestle and fight, and beat you in all. If I have not so much book-learning, I've a truer knowledge of right and wrong—I can love a friend and forgive an enemy and that is what you can't do—now how are you my better, I should like to know!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said Winterfield, interposing. "I beg of you not to let my private affections occasion any breach of that friendship

which may exist between you. Mary, my daughter, retire to your own apartment. John Adderley, I pray you to compose yourself, and you my young friend, much as I thank you for your good intentions, remember that by quarrelling on my account with him who has my future welfare in his hands, you injure me while you seek to benefit me."

"Can you pay me the money?" said Adderley, gloomily.

"I cannot, you know I cannot."

"The lawyer seemed lost in thought for a few moments, then casting his eyes furtively towards the young man, he said,

"I will release you, Adam Winterfield, from all obligations on one condition."

"Name it!"

Adderley bent forward and whispered in Winterfield's ear; no sooner were the words uttered than the old man sprang from him with loathing, while his clenched hand was flung into the air, as if to strike the whisperer to the earth.

"Villain! what? Mary?—my daughter!—black-hearted scoundrel! now indeed do I know you for the same John Adderley of old. Leave the house, sir, lest that the roof fall and crush the innocent with the guilty! Leave the house I say! your very presence is pollution."

"You will repent this," said the lawyer.

"Leave the house, sir, or—"

"You shall rot in a jail," interrupted Adderley, furiously.

"I am in God's hands," replied Winterfield, with humility.

"And your daughter?"

"Squire, just allow me," said the young man, stepping between them and measuring the lawyer with his eye, as he said—John Adderley, yonder lies the door—my watch wants two minutes of the hour—if you have not crossed the threshold by the time the hour has expired, by heavens! I'll thrash you within an inch of your life, and the reason I don't do it now is out of respect to the squire."

"I'll bring an action against you for an assault," said Adderley.

"Do so!—I'll pay the damages and then thrash you again."

"Beware of to-morrow!" said the lawyer, turning to Winterfield.

"One minute gone," responded the young man. "I will have ample re-venge for these insults," continued the lawyer.

"You have just thirty seconds left you," said the young man, coolly buttoning up his coat, as if bent upon fulfilling his threat. Adderley looked at him for an instant, and finding nothing but steadiness in his eye, and determination on his lip, rapidly snatched up his hat and disappeared from the apartment.

CHAPTER II.

"Has Mr. Sidney Tresham been to the counting room this morning," enquired Mr. Tresham, Senior, of his chief clerk, who was about to reply in the negative, when the object of his father's enquiries made his appearance in person.

"A fine time of day, young sir! a very fine time of day for a son of mine to be entering upon business. Ah! Sid, this was not the way I made my money. Now don't speak for I am angry with you. Mr. Tibbs," (addressing one of the warehousemen) "you will consign the whole of these bales, marked S. in a diamond, to the care of Abel & Lattimer, of Wheeling. Mr. Pennington, if a draft should come in from Ripley, Wadsworth & Co., you will please give me immediate notice; and now, Sid, come with me into my private counting room,—I wish to have a talk with you."

Sidney followed his father mechanically, for his thoughts were with Adam Winterfield and his heart-broken daughter. He had just received, through the medium of a friend, intelligence of the incarceration of the ruined merchant by the callous-hearted Adderley, and conscious of the unpleasant difference existing between his father and Winterfield, the young man feared for the result of the application he had determined to make to his father in behalf of his estranged friend.

"Take a chair, Sid," said Mr. Tresham, gazing with considerable pride upon the manly beauty of his son. "Take a chair, Sid; you have grown very like your father in his younger days; let me see, how old are you?"

"Some three and twenty, sir," replied Sidney, wondering considerably what could have prompted the question.

"Hein! Ha! Twenty-three. It is time you were married, Sid."

"Sir?"

"I say it is time you were married."

"Yes, sir."

"Come, that is right; I am glad you are of the same opinion with myself—I am going to marry you forthwith."

"Thank you, sir; but being somewhat personally interested in the affair, may I beg to know the name of the lady you have selected?"

"What's that to you, sir? Yes, yes, to be sure you ought to know something about it. No sneering, Sid—I don't like that; it is sufficient for you that I have selected one whom I deem an appropriate match."

"You have forgotten one material point in this arrangement."

"En!—how—have I?—what's that?"

"My own consent sir."

"And who the d—l, sir, cares about your consent? Am I not satisfied, and what more do you want?"

"The approval, sir, of my own heart."

"Stier nonsense!—Listen to my advice, the advice of an old man; the less you trust to your

heart in this every day world, the better it will be for your peace of mind."

"It is strange," replied Sidney, with a smile that he vainly attempted to subdue—"It is strange that my father has ever practiced a virtue opposite from that which he is inculcating upon his son."

"Hein!" coughed Mr. Tresham, "It is true—I have been a little—a very little foolish in these respects in my younger days—but I have learned wisdom from experience. No one can accuse me of such weakness now."

"The widow Trevor called here yesterday, sir, to thank you for the annuity you were pleased to settle upon her," said Sidney, with affected unconsciousness of his father's self-gratulation.

"There!" replied Mr. Tresham, much confused by this stubborn refutation of his own assertion—"There, you see how it is. This is one of the consequences attendant upon serving a fellow being—you are continually annoyed by them ever after. Sid, I will never be charitable again."

"You will, sir."

"I won't sir."

"Never?"

"Never! that is, unless I do it under very peculiar circumstances."

"My dear father, I wish to ask a favor of you."

"What is it?—what is it?"

"That you will make me a present of twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Sid!"

"Sir?"

"You are mad!—stark staring mad!—you must think I am a very Croesus, by your making so extravagant a demand."

"I am serious in my request, and ask, my dear son, of you to comply with it. If you refuse, I shall be most wretched."

The brow of the merchant became suddenly clouded, as he said—

"You have been gambling, sir."

"Indeed, indeed, believe me, I have not; my only object is the relief of an old and valued friend."

"Humph, a sunshine friend, one of those who take your money, and think they are obliging you by the act. You shall not have it, sir?"

CHAPTER III.

With a heavy heart Sidney Tresham bent his way towards the dwelling of her who was dearer to him than life itself, and with whom he felt that poverty were happiness; while affluence, wanting her presence, could present no charms to compensate for the loss. Mary was resting her head upon her hand, and the traces of recent tears still remained upon her pale cheeks, when Sidney entered the apartment. No sooner had the desolate girl become aware of his presence, then throwing aside all maidenly reserve, she flung herself into his arms, and gave vent to her feelings in a copious flood of tears.

"They have taken him from me, Sidney—they have taken him from me, and he will die; I know he will die; I know he will die, unless some kind friend release him from that horrid place."

"Nay, nay, be of good heart, Mary!—all will yet be well, rest assured all will yet be well," replied Sidney Tresham, soothingly, to his desponding companion; although, at the same time, he felt the gloomiest doubts of the truth of his own prophecy.

"Alas! alas!" she exclaimed, shaking her head mournfully, "who is there to care for my father now?—he is poor, and friends, like birds of passage, migrate in the winter of a man's fortunes, leaving behind how he fares, so that they be not disappointed with his distresses."

"Your judgment is too harsh, dear Mary! Believe me, there are men who would sacrifice their all to serve a friend."

"Show me one such! show me one such! and I will fall at his feet and worship him. My father had friends, kind friends, who dined at his table, slept in his house, his servants were their servants, his horses at their disposal. Where are they now?—which of them will reach out a hand to raise my father, now that he is prostrate? Oh! too well have I learned what friendship amounts to! bitterly, God knows how bitterly, the lesson has been taught me!"

"Mary! Mary!"

"Oh, that I were a man!" continued the excited maiden, pacing the apartment, unheeding of the interruption—"Oh, that I were a man—that I could do as men do—how cheerfully would I labor to obtain his release—how thrifty would I be of every coin—with what joy would I gaze upon the accumulating mass—with what pride would I redeem him from his captivity—and, oh, how rapturously would I support his feeble steps, that he might look again upon the glad green earth, and the blue sky, and the blessed sun, until, turning from the world's glory to his faithful child, he should whisper, as parents only whisper, 'this is your work, Mary!'"

Sidney gazed with admiration upon the beautiful being as she stood, statue-like, filled with bright visions of the future, and he feared to awake her from so blissful a trance, to the sad realities which she was doomed to encounter.

For a moment the thoughts of Mary were with her ransomed father; but slowly and imperceptibly the distresses of the present stole upon her memory, and she once more fully developed herself, she sat upon the sofa, and covering her face with her hands, murmured in her wretchedness—

"All—ah!—have forsaken us, there is none to love us now."

"Do I not remain beside you? Do I not love you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, I—you are all kindness, all affection. God help me! I am quarrelling with my dearest friend.—Dear Sidney forgive me; I am a poor, weak, wretched girl, with no one in

nature to look up to but my father, and he—has been snatched from me! Your father, Sidney, he was my father's friend, what said he—Ha! your eyes are cast down, and your lips quiver. He did not refuse!—do not say that he refused!"

"He did not refuse."

"Bless you, bless you for that word!—then my father will once more be free—yet, you look sad,—how is this?"

"My father did not refuse, but—"

"Speak—speak—in mercy speak!"

"His assent was coupled with a condition, that—"

"Name it!—name it!"

"That we should be henceforth as those who had never met."

"And you! what said you?"

"I rejected the proposition and instantly left him."

For a few minutes, Mary sat absorbed in thought—it may have been in prayer—for when she again spoke, her voice was low, and her articulation, though somewhat tremulous, had a measured, monotonous distinctness, that gave evidence of her emotion being in a great measure subdued by a powerful effort of the will.

"How I have loved you, Mr. Tresham, is not for me to say. How I still love you, and must continue so to do, time alone will prove. That I have been happy, very happy, in your presence, you cannot for a moment doubt. That my happiness was but the reflection of your own, I am credulous enough to believe. But that joy is past! I have been dreaming that the merchant's daughter could wed with the ruined man's son,—I awoke to find the falsehood of my vision. Sidney, dear Sidney! my duty to my father commands me to make any sacrifice, in honor, on my part, to secure his comfort,—you—*are* free. Independent of what she owes to her father, the daughter of Adam Winterfield is too proud to receive the addresses of any one whose father forbids the offering. Go,—leave me, and tell—tell your father never more will Mary Winterfield welcome you other than a friend, even though her heart break in the struggle!"

"Never, by heavens! never, Mary will I deliver any such message!"

"Then, I must steal myself to the task. Sidney, do not speak, for I am firm. Wherever you go out into the world, my blessing will be with you. The various scenes with which you will be beguiled will tend to weaken the remembrance of me—all I ask is, do not too soon forget—let me hold a brief reign in your memory; for, though you may meet with fairer maidens, and of loftier birth, believe me, their love for you will never equal the passionate and abiding devotion that has become a part of the very being of Mary Winterfield. Farewell! Sidney—dear Sidney! farewell, and for ever!"

Before Sidney Tresham could arrest her progress, Mary Winterfield had disappeared from the apartment. His anguish it is needless to describe.

CHAPTER IV.

The course of our narrative now leads us to the chamber of John Adderley. The lawyer is seated at his desk, his fingers are mechanically beating the time of some tune, which his mind takes no cognizance. From this reverie, he is suddenly aroused by the entrance of a clumsy, thick-set man, with heavy eye-brows, and harsh irregular features, rendered even more forbidding by the evident effects of riotous excesses; and a course of continued inebriety. Welcoming the new-comer with a mixed gesture of familiarity and hauteur, Adderley thus began:

"Now, when I succeeded in obtaining your release from the serious affair in which you were last engaged, you swore you were bound to me forever, and that if at any time I should need a clear wit and a ready hand, I might count on your services. The time has at length come, are you willing to aid me?"

"Well, lawyer do you see, in the first place I am a poor fellow, without asking any questions, a d—l, again, it would be better to say nothing, than I know what the job is—cos, as a body might say, it is not altogether pleasant for a man to be running his head into a noose, and not know nothing, at all about it until it gets there. So if you will just give me a little light upon what is to be done, so I'll soon tell you whether I'll do it or not."

"Pass—aw! it is a mere trifle I ask of you—only to assist me in running away with a girl."

"Oh! if that's all, I'll serve you with the greatest pleasure imaginable. Who is the creature?"

"Is it of any consequence that you should know her name?"

"Why, no, it don't make much difference what are you going to do with her when she's carried her off?"

"Marry her."

"What—really?"

"Certainly."

"Then where's the use of rummin' away with her at all? why not marry her here, and save all farther trouble about it?"

"Because she will not consent."

"Oh! then, you want to make her your wife willy nilly, as somebody says—well I don't care if I help you—of course you'll pay all expenses?"

"Assuredly."

"And give me something in the bargain, for my trouble, eh?"

"Yes, provided we succeed."

"I'm noted. When do we begin?"

"Come this way, and I will tell you more."

And Adderley took the arm of the tall, and conducted him to an inner chamber, where the furious scheme of abduction might be carried out with less fear of being overheard by others.

Once more we revert to Mary Winterfield. Fully resolved to release her father, even at the expense of her own happiness, Mary waited until the hour at which Mr. Tresham usually retired from business, and then, with a faltering step, but a resolute will, she sought the way to his house. He was at home, and a few minutes sufficed to conduct her to his presence. When there, however, placed in the peculiar position in which she felt herself, it required a more than ordinary degree of self-command to enable her to subdue her feelings to the bitter task she had imposed upon herself. Mr. Tresham, however, who had watched the varying color of her cheek, imagining her unwell, had with considerate kindness placed a chair within her reach, and bidding her be seated, he paused for a few moments to allow her agitation to subside before he opened the conversation.

"I beg your pardon, my dear young lady, your name is—"

"Winterfield, sir—Mary Winterfield, the daughter of Adam Winterfield."

"And the betrothed of my son—Hum! a pretty couple you are to think of getting married without a dollar between you?"

"Of that, sir, it is now too late to repent. Whatever our thoughts may have been, however, during past happiness, we may have our eyes to the future. The pain of the present is I trust a sufficient compensation for our mutual folly. I am no longer the betrothed of your son—he is now free to obey your will in all things. May he be happy, for a nobler heart never beat in manlier bosom."

"So you have rejected Sid, eh? What has impelled you to do this?"

"Your own words to your son this morning, sir, and a sense of duty to my father. You were once friends, and mutual obligations have passed between you. A few bitter words, though they may have parted you for years, yet they cannot have erased the sentiments of friendship you previously entertained towards each other. Oh, sir, if there is any spark of that friendship remaining, let it now plead in your heart; and if years of toil, on my part, can afford any return for the service I require—do it, and I will be your willing slave."

"No wonder my Sid loved this girl," murmured the merchant to himself. Then turning to Mary, he said—

"Did you love my son?"

Mary made no reply, but sinking back in her chair, burst into tears.

"I beg your pardon, my dear young lady; but if—I had thought that—that—pshaw! I am old fool! Do you think you could make it convenient to call here this evening?"

"At what time, sir?"

"At six o'clock—no, say eight—it will not be too dark, will it?"

"I do not mind the darkness, sir. I will be here."

The town clock had just struck eight, when two figures were seen rapidly turning the corner of an unfrequented street, and seeking a hiding place in the shadow of the angle.

"Was that her, lawyer?"

"Yes! keep your eyes upon her as she approaches—such a chance may never offer again."

"Ay, ay—leave me alone. She shan't escape, I warrant me."

"Where did you leave the chaise, Ford?"

"About a square off—but don't ask questions now, it's so dusky, from the glimmer of those oil lamps, that it is barely possible to keep sight of the girl."

While these two worthies were intent upon their victim, a third person had approached unconsciously within hearing, and distinguishing the tones of Adderly, he stopped to listen, when, having heard sufficient to induce him to remain and watch, he threw himself into the shadow of a door-way hard by, and patiently awaited the result.

"Now, now," said Adderly, as the figure of a female became more perceptible in the darkness. "Not yet, lawyer, whispered Ford. 'I know when; don't you see the long train I should have towards her would frighten her, and then may be she'd scream. No, no—wait till she comes nearer.'"

"Well, well, as you please—only if you miss her—"

"Never fear—I know what's what. Now for it."

Both of them dashed forward at the same instant; but one, of whom they little dreamed, was at their heels. There was a muffled scream, a sound of heavy blows, and the groans of a wounded man—and when the alarmed inhabitants rushed out with lights to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, they found two men on the ground bleeding. The maiden who had been rescued from their grasp was Mary Winterfield, and her rescuer was rough, honest-hearted Jackson.

"Where will you permit me to have you conveyed, Miss Winterfield?" enquired Jackson.

"To Mr. Tresham's," replied Mary, and faintly.

When Mary recovered her senses, she found herself in a brilliantly lighted apartment, and to her astonishment and passionate joy, the first face she recognized was that of her father bending anxiously over her.

"My father!"

"My dear, dear child! And in another instant they were folded in a warm embrace.

"Well, young lady, is there no one else here with whom you have been previously acquainted? Come forward, Sid, and let me introduce you."

Mary saw at a glance that all had been explained, and as her eyes encountered the fervent gaze of him who was her heart's idol, she blushed, but could not speak for excess of joy.

"Here, Sid," said Mr. Tresham, taking the unwilling hand of the fair girl, "take her with my hearty consent. She is worthy of being any man's daughter. I am proud, sincerely proud of your choice. Bless you, my children, bless you! May you never know sorrow!"

The eyes of both fathers were filled with tears—but a happier party never passed a summer's evening together.

A short time subsequent to the events above narrated, we saw, in the papers of the day, an announcement of marriage between—cannot the reader guess who?

LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.

SENATE.

Monday, Jan. 22.

Finally passed—Resolve authorizing the Treasurer of State to purchase, or invest in the purchase of scrip, or certificates of stock of this State any sum or sums of money, which have been or which may be received from the United States.

On motion of Mr. Frye, Ordered, That so much of the Governor's Message, of January 19, 1844, as relates to a communication from J. W. McCulloch, Comptroller of the United States Treasury, in relation to a certain sum due this State from the United States, the sales of the Public Lands, be referred to the Joint Select-Committee on Lands Distribution Fund.

That so much of said Message as relates to a Report of the Executive Council, upon the petition of John Phillips and others, in relation to the preservation of certain islands in this State, be referred to the Committee on State Lands.

That so much of said Message as relates to a Report upon the communication of Sarah Le-Broc, touching her claim for a pension under Resolve of 1835, and 36, be referred to the Committee on Military Pensions.

And that so much of said Message as relates to certain letters from the Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, at Hartford, and other papers therein mentioned, be referred to the Committee on Education.

Tuesday, January 23.

Passed to be engrossed—bill authorizing School District No. 1 in the town of Bucksport to build two or more school houses in Bucksport.

At 11 o'clock a message was received from the Governor, announcing the decease of the Hon. Edward Kavanagh. After the reading of the Message, Mr. French of Lincoln, addressed the Senate as follows:—

Mr. President:—The melancholy information contained in the message just received from the Executive, is calculated to spread a gloom over the State, and fill the breast of every citizen with the deepest sorrow. It calls us to mourn the departure of the great and good—that one of the best and brightest ornaments of our State has passed away.

It could hardly be expected that under this sudden announcement, I should attempt to pronounce an eulogy upon his character. It needs no word of praise—his whole life has been and ever will be, his own best eulogist.

With a high order of intellect, enriched by the choicest literary attainments, and elevated by the most exalted principles of patriotism and virtue, he was prepared to fill the various positions of honor and responsibility assigned to him in our State and National councils, and as the representative of our country at foreign courts in such a manner as to secure the confidence and approbation of all political parties, and promote the interest and honor of our State and the nation at large.

In all his social relations, he was distinguished by a gentleness and urbanity of manner, that disclosed the kindness of his heart, and won the love of all who enjoyed the honor of his acquaintance.

As a politician, he was an ardent and uncompromising opponent of what he conceived to be error, and maintained with unflinching firmness and integrity his own convictions of truth and rectitude; yet under all circumstances, the purity of his life and the same urbanity, which marked his social relations, never failed to disarm the prejudices of his opponents, and awaken sentiments of personal attachment. Such was the character of Mr. Kavanagh, that it may be said of him with peculiar appropriateness.

"None knew him but to love him. None named him but to praise."

On motion of Mr. French, it was then Ordered, That Messrs French, Anderson, Atwood, Brooks, Strickland and Hunt, be a committee, with such as the House may join, to take into consideration and report such action as may be deemed an appropriate testimonial of respect for the memory of the late Hon. Edward Kavanagh.

On motion of Mr. Anderson, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Thursday Jan. 18.

Mr. Leach of Raymond, offered the following: Ordered, That the Committee on the Militia, be instructed to inquire into the expediency of altering sec 3, art. 7, of the Constitution, so that Major Generals shall be elected by the Field Officers of their respective Divisions. It passed.

On motion of Mr. Patten of Sebago, Ordered, That the committee on Education be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law that primary schools be furnished with books by the towns to which they severally belong.

Saturday, Jan. 20.

An order from the Senate, denouncing the Committee on petition of Fayette Mace for divorce, "the committee on Divorces," came up on its passage in concurrence.

Mr. Woodman opposed the order. Mr. Allen of Alfred, contended that the Legislature had power over all cases to divorce, which did not fall within the enumerated causes over which the Supreme Court has the power; and he referred to a decision of the Supreme Court to that effect.

Mr. Woodman maintained that the granting of a divorce was a judicial act, and by the clause of the Constitution dividing the power of government into three distinct departments, forbidding the exercise by the one of the duties falling within the province of the other, the Legislature was prohibited from the exercise of this power. "The failure of the Legislature to confer on the Supreme Court full power over divorces, did not entitle the Legislature to act in those cases where the Supreme Court has not jurisdiction."

Mr. Pain of Bangor, read from a decision of the Supreme Court, on a call of the Legislature of 1810, in which the Court replied to the interrogatory—whether the Legislature has power over

cases of divorce where the Supreme Court has not jurisdiction; by saying that they were not prepared to deny that the Legislature had not.

Mr. Barnes of Portland, said that the institution of a committee on divorce would be an invitation to all persons having grievances of this kind, to make application to the Legislature which was not desirable. The power of the Legislature on the subject, was at least doubtful, and its exercise should not be encouraged. To test the sense of the House, he moved that the order be postponed to the first day of March next.

Which motion prevailed—57 to 24.

On motion of Mr. Goldthwaite, Ordered, That the committee on the Judiciary inquire into the expediency, of so amending the laws relating to the county commissioners that towns may have the exclusive jurisdictions over their town and county roads, without being subject to the decision of County Commissioners.—Adj.

Monday Jan. 22.

Mr. Elliot of Frankfort, moved a reconsideration of the vote whereby the House referred the petition of certain citizens of Mount Vernon, that the offices of Sheriff and Register of Probate be made elective, and those of Attorney General and Reporter of Judicial Decisions may be abolished, in order to refer it to a select committee.

After some further remarks by Messrs Elliot, Allen, and Perkins of Augusta, the motion was lost, 35 to 51.

Resolve in favor of Spencer G. Brown, (granting him \$4 per month for 3 years, for injuries received in the Aroostook expedition.)

Tuesday, Jan. 23.

Ordered, That the Committee on State Valuations be required to report to this House, as soon as may be, the number of clerks that may be necessarily required to aid and assist said Committee in reporting a State Valuation, at an early period of this session of the Legislature.

The Secretary of State came in and laid before the House the following Message from the Governor, which was read by the Speaker:—

To the members of the Senate and House of Representatives:—

Since the last adjournment of the Legislature, I have received the melancholy and painful intelligence of the decease of my immediate predecessor, Hon. Edward Kavanagh.

After a severe and protracted illness, he expired at his residence in Newcastle, on Sunday evening last.

Intimately associated as the deceased has been with both the Legislative and Executive Departments of the State Government, during the past year—connected as, but this dispensation of Providence, he would have been with our recent organization, and always enjoying in an eminent degree the public esteem and confidence, I have deemed it not unsuitable or improper, officially to announce to the Legislature the tidings of his decease.

Respect for the memory of the wise and good, is at all times a natural and becoming sentiment; to none could it be more appropriately rendered than to the memory of our lamented friend.

The highly responsible duties with which he was charged by the National Government, and the numerous important trusts committed to his care by the Government and people of his native State, fully attest the estimation in which his ability and integrity were universally held; the affectionate attachment and regard of those who best knew his private worth, are enduring memorials of the purity and excellence of his personal character.

The termination of his honorable and virtuous life, has released him from sufferings, which though borne with serenity and patience, have deeply moved the sympathies of his friends and as we may humbly hope, has admitted him into that higher and better state of being, where pain and suffering are not permitted to enter.

May we all improve this solemn admonition, and in view of the instability of all earthly objects be prepared to leave the scenes of our duties and labors here, with a confident and cheering hope of enjoying renewed associations with our departed friends in a better life hereafter.

H. J. ANDERSON, Council Chamber, January 23, 1844.

Mr. Blaney, of Bristol, thereupon, rose and addressed the House as follows:—

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:—

Saddening as is the intelligence so delicately, yet fully, conveyed to us; mournful as are the tidings which grief has borne us, remembering that He who gave for a season hath chastened in His own good time it becomes us to bow in silence calm and reverential.

He who has departed—whose hallowing memory flits about us in this our day of deprivation, has laid down to his rest, with heavenly quietude—his peaceful spirit sends no murmuring back; it wishes us to breathe no mournful sorrowings. Goodness, virtue and honor wrought for him a mantle, which malice, nor the world's selfishness, nor cankering envy hath ever stirred. His dust the grave will claim, but hearts will be his sepulchral.

"His life was a gospel," His death the soul's releasing.

Mr. Blaney then offered the following:— Ordered, That—be a Committee, with such as the Senate may join to make arrangements to render due respect to the character of the public service and private worth of the late Hon. Edward Kavanagh.

The order passed unanimously—and the chair appointed as this Committee on the part of the House, Messrs. Blaney of Bristol, Barnes of Portland, Allen of Alfred, Jarvis of Surry, Tucker of Saco, Hubbard of Paris, Morrill of Madison, Paine of Bangor, Wellington of Monticello, Gore of Greenville.

And the House, on motion of Mr. Allen, of Alfred, then adjourned.

Another Comit. The astronomers in Yale College have discovered another comet in the constellation Orion. It was first seen in the black telescope belonging to the College, on the 27th December.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Jan. 15.

The Senate was in Executive session for nearly four hours. When they adjourned, it was disclosed that they had rejected the nomination of Mr. Henshaw, by a vote of 40 to 8.

This result has been expected, but only within the last few days. I can say that here are many of both parties who deplore this result. It has been admitted that Mr. Henshaw is an excellent minister. He has administered his Department in a manner that has extorted plaudits from the Committee of Ways and Means of the House, which have been both publicly and privately expressed. As a man of honor, intelligence, and devotion to the public interests, he has no superior in any branch of the Government, legislative or executive. Personally, I know not the man; and what I say is from strong and disinterested consideration of his merits.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JANUARY 30, 1844.

The great popular party is already rallied almost en masse around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LAW JUSTICE; NO DEBT; SEPARATION FROM BARRIS; ECONOMY; REFORM; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and fully adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country.—Catholon.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

HON. EDWARD KAVANAGH.

In the death of this gentleman our State has lost one of her noblest sons—community an honest man, and our country an excellent Statesman. He was modest and firm in his councils—kind and benevolent in his intercourse—honest and just in his dealings. His character in private life is irreproachable. In public, his virtues shone with unusual splendor. While living we respected, and even loved, him for his numerous excellent qualities; now he is gone, we feel his loss; and mourn it as a friend and benefactor.

Mr. Rieves.—This gentleman has written a long letter, defining his position, in reference to the Presidency; and in order to enhance the value of his opinion and muster capital for the "Mill boy of the Slashes," he pretends to leave the Democratic party with regret. He pretends that Mr. Clay is a better republican than Mr. Van Buren, and one would suppose, as he reads this letter, that Mr. Rieves had, up to this moment, been a firm supporter of republican principles in opposition to Federalism. This is a mistake. Mr. Rieves is now what he has been and what every body has known him to be these five years. He preferred Harrison in the last contest for the Presidency. He has acted with the Whig party since that time. He is a Whig, and supports Whig principles. Why he surprised then that he supports Mr. Clay rather than Mr. Van Buren? Why be surprised that he should remain at the present time in the path which he marked out five or six years ago? Is it surprising that he should support any set of measures so long? The only thing that surprises us, is, that he should pretend to have any regard for the old republican party or its friends. How vain! How contemptible to resort to such pretences to support the rotten cause of Whiggery! Mr. Rieves, as by this letter, would like again to go through the ceremony of being cast off from the Democratic party. It would give him notoriety. He thinks it would purchase friends for Clay, and distract the forces which are yet to unite in the elevation of Mr. Calhoun or Mr. Van Buren. But he should learn by the course pursued towards him that he and his influence are as valueless as his course and opinions are inconsistent.

The chasm between Clay Whiggery and true Republicanism, so wide and deep—so distant and dangerous, is nevertheless susceptible of passage by certain rare and impetuous spirits. Few, however, are so invulnerable as to pass this tremendous gulf without being either singed or wounded; and although his hero on his way does not seem to have been wounded in the least, like a certain other renowned hero of Antiquity, yet an arrow has lodged in his lead—the only weak spot—where it has done strange execution. For proof of this refer to his letter to Col. Fontaine.

Poor Rieves! instead of saying, after this hazardous expedition, "I came, I saw, I conquered," he must say "I live, I move, I talk for Clay."

SENATOR SAWTELLE.—In the discussion which ensued on the acceptance of the Committee on State Printing, Mr. Sawtelle pronounced the bid of Mr. Case surreptitious. This was pretty strong language; but under the circumstances it was not undeserved. The spirit of '40 has revived. Look out for those who are so diminutive as to lose their "personal identity."

Sir, Case has made a public attack upon this Senator in which he has charged him, among other things, of misrepresenting his constituents last winter. His constituents are not, probably, aware of this fact; for had they been they would not have elected him to fill the same office again. We feel gratified in saying that Hon. Cullen Sawtelle needs no certificate of character, and that he will not suffer in any possible way by the malicious fulminations of Mr. Case.

BOSTON ALMANAC.—We have not yet received this popular Annual for 1844. We learn, however, that it is as beautiful as ever. We received a copy of it last year, and by the notice we gave of it several dozens were sold in this region. The press, everywhere, is out in its praise. This shows that the work has merit as well as admirers. Published by N. S. Dickinson, Boston. Price 25 cents.

Congressional Elections on the 22d inst. Two Districts, the 5th and the 7th, it will be recollected made no choice at the two first trials for Representative to Congress. Mr. White has a majority against him so far as heard from of 456. Mr. Cary is supposed to be elected.

DISGRACEFUL.—The "Washingtonian Herald" of last week, contains an article which ought to condemn it in the eyes of all honorable men. That no one may mistake the article to which we allude, it is headed "Horrible," and signed by an "X." We do not know with certainty who is meant by this writer, neither do we care. If it refers to any man from this town, a part of it is false, and the whole as foul as it is base and malicious. But what we regard as most unworthy and detestable is the effort there made to criminate the son in consequence of the acts of the father or the Grandfather. Who would not suffer! Who would not be punished, if he were obliged to have visited upon him all the chastisements of which his forefathers were guilty? Turn back the page of life, and few, we apprehend, are so good as to be willing to suffer for more than their own sins.

But why call up the misdeeds of the dead—those acts which society might censure? Why does not this evil "X" regard the old and precious maxim, "that the memory of the dead is sacred?" Or if he must wound the feelings of society, and open afresh the anguish of friends, by violating the plainest rules of decency, why could he not have placed before the public the virtues, the honors, and the services of the dead, side by side with their errors? Is this evil "X" willing to bear all the punishments which all his forefathers from Adam down to his own father have deserved? If he is willing to do thus and were capable of doing it, his offspring would need another Savior to restore them to the community of the wicked, even if they have no transgressions to answer for except those of their father.

Kindness, benevolence and confiding affection are the principles of Washingtonianism; and they are to be exercised in such a manner as to soothe passion and recall the subject of vice to the path of virtue and honor. Such imputations as those contained in this evil "X's" communication are not calculated to do this. They only wound—they only exasperate and excite those passions most to be dreaded—hatred and revenge. Community expects that a Washingtonian Journal, unless its name is a "misnomer," will persuade men to forsake evil courses, without imputing to them sins of which others are guilty. Washingtonianism consists in saving a man from his own degradation, for his own sake, and for the sake of human dignity. But this evil "X" whose visage has, without doubt, some day, if not recently, been polished by the gurgling rills of Gin and Brandy, comes forth to heap odium upon a man because his forefathers or his brothers committed errors. This is the legitimate construction of the whole article. If not, why was it written? Why are the dead, of whom we should speak well, coupled with the living? Such communications as these are like poisons in medicine, they aggravate the disease and violate the laws of nature. Therefore the less of them the better.

OMISERS.—We learn by the Richmond Whig that a large number of persons—Whigs, spectators, &c., met at an unfinished Clay Club House, in Richmond, to take part in completing the building. Large numbers were on the roof, in and about the building. S. F. Adie, Esq. was about to call this assemblage to order and deliver an Address, when the roof gave way and fifty or sixty persons were precipitated to the bottom, a distance of 20 feet. This accident caused great alarm, a good many bruises, besides sprains and fractures. This is a message of Whig success; and, for the good of the country, we hope a true one.

PROTECTION! PROTECTION!

We learn by a Boston paper that some of the Manufacturing Companies in Lowell, have sent Agents to Canada to procure laborers. The object is to get these who will work cheaper than our Yankees; and thus form a reasonable excuse for cutting down wages.—The protection afforded these Manufacturers by the present Tariff is great and excessive, but they can't get rich fast enough by employing the independent citizens of their own Republic, so they send for the paupers of Monarchy. Shame! We hope the whigs will cry out no longer about protection from foreign pauperism.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S REPORT.—We hope soon to find room to make copious extracts from this interesting public document, if we cannot publish it entire.—It is written with greater ability than any Report we have ever read, that emanated from that Department of our Government, and reflects much credit upon our State. Gen. Redington stands deservedly high with the people as a faithful public Officer, and we hope the deep interest he has taken to ensure a well organized Militia in the State will not be without its influence upon our Legislature.

OREGON.—The President, by a Resolution of inquiry, has been called on to furnish copies of all the correspondence in relation to Oregon Territory. He declines to do so, stating that it is not compatible with public interest, and that he expects soon to open negotiations with the British Minister, whose arrival is daily expected at Washington.

We have suffered enough by negotiation and diplomacy. The language of this country towards Great Britain should be now, "Oregon Territory is ours—ours by discovery—ours by possession—ours by purchase. We therefore claim it and exercise jurisdiction over it; help yourself if you can."

ISAAC HILL.—This gentleman, not long since, was appointed by the President "Superintendent of the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing of the Navy." In Executive session on the 17th inst., he was rejected by the Senate. The Senate are playing in company with the President the boy's play of "please or displease."

Mr. Giddings presented a Petition Jan. 22, praying for the passage of a law to make it penal for a U. S. Officer to assist in the capture of a fugitive slave. The House determined not to receive the Petition, years 25, says 26. (Voss, Dunlap and Hamlin. Nay, Herriek.)

Doubled.—Since Mr. Henshaw's rejection it is said F. O. J. Smith is talked of for Secretary of the Navy.

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ISSUES MISSING

ISSUES MISSING

No. 40, V

OXFORD

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JOURNAL OF

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